

# A Thousand Years

by Stanchy

Category: Haikyuu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kei T., OC, Shoyo H., Tobio K.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-03 22:28:05

Updated: 2015-10-18 17:29:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:36:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 14

Words: 19,626

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Attention : the regarding of someone or something as interesting or important. Something they always had, but never wanted. Warmth : enthusiasm, affection, or kindness. Something they received, but never from the people they wanted it from the most, and never honestly from those they didn't want it from. But, then everything changed, and it seemed to only take a thousand years . . .

## 1. Chapter 1

His first time seeing her, he thought she was a new student. Later on that day she caught his attention once again and he realized that she was actually in his class. Feeling stupid about it, he asked one of his other classmates about the girl. The boy who he asked gave him a strange look he still remembers what the other male had said.

\*\*\_'She's been here since the start of the year . . .'\_\*\*

Was he really that oblivious to what was going on around him. His brain had been mainly revolving around volleyball and his team, but was he really that blind. Staring at the girl now, he started to take in all her features. Her hair was long and curled, unlike the usual straight hair of most girls at the school. It wasn't unruly- tight curls though. They were gentle and bouncy, kind of wavy. Which surprised him. The locks were obviously dyed, a deep velvet color. Her nicely curved eyebrows- that even his mother would kill for- gave away that her natural hair must have been a nice dark brown. Her skin was a healthy pasty pale color. Her eyes a beautiful shade of emerald green, framed by very long dark lashes. She was his height, maybe even smaller which is quite short since he's only 5'4.

He's had a few crushes before, little puppy dog ones that never lasted for long. And in all honesty he's pretty sure any girl could make him blush fairly easily despite his flamboyant personality. But, looking at this mystery girl made his cheeks flush, and heart strings tug in a way that he recognized, but at the same time he didn't.

Thinking harder about it he knew that this crush, if that even what this was, wasn't planning on going away for a while. Swooning. If asked about swooning over the red-head, he'd probably turn a darker shade of red then her hair, and then stutter out his denial before changing the subject making sure to return to his usual happy-self which was quite easy. But, in all honesty at the moment he was most definitely swooning.

Chin in his right hand, a dazed look on his face as he continued to watch everything she did. From, writing down the notes, to the way her ankles crossed and uncrossed every 20 seconds almost like she couldn't get comfortable. It was kind of ridiculous. No not her constant movement, but his current obsession with her. He hadn't noticed her for a good part of the year, and now that he has he can't stop noticing **\*\*\_everything\_\*\***. Having crushes, was complicated.

Especially since his crushes used to always revolve around girls he at least made conversation with. This girl, well how could he have ever talked to her if, he hadn't noticed her until today. And now the worst part was, that when he thought of going to talk her his stomach did this twisty-knot kind of thing and his emotions struck him with fear. A nervous sweaty kind of fear that made him wipe his hands on his school slacks.

Even her name was pretty. **\*\*\_Hirota Akemi\_\*\***. He thought her name fit her well.

"Hinata-san . . ."

**\*\*\*\*\*\_Bright Beauty\_\*\***. Yeah, fits her well in his opinion.

"Hinata-san . . ."

He continued to stare after her, watching how the window she sat by made the sun reflect off of her lashes casting long shadows onto her pale cheeks.

"Hinata . . ."

Her legs uncrossed again, he watched her fidget in her seat. She dragged her hand back and tucked a strand of her red hair behind her ear. She pursed her lips which he just noticed are delicate rosy color, before picking up the pen she placed down briefly- and continued to write.

"HINATA!" Someone whisper yelled right into his ear. He flailed ridiculously and almost fell out of his chair, catching himself last minute. After sitting upright he turned his flushed face toward the cause of embarrassment. There sat his desk partner as well as the Vice President of the class, Akamine Nubo. The brunette boy was giving him an indifferent glare.

"Yes?" Hinata asked trying to quench the shake his voice latched onto when his desk partner frightened him. Not to mention that his desk partner was intimidating, in a popular way though. The boy not to mention being smart was well liked among the female, and male population of the school.

"You should be paying attention. I saw Mr. Hiroshi looking over in your direction like he was going to shoot a question at you."

Hinata felt slightly surprised. "Oh! Thanks Akamine-san!" He said his surprise melting away to his usual enthusiasm. The other boy smiled in amusement, but there was something behind his blue eyes that made Hinata want to cringe.

"What were you staring at? Or should I say \*\*who\*\*?" The boy's tone seemed icy. Hinata brushed it off in favor of blushing cherry red once again. "W-w-what! I-I w-wasn't. I-I-I-I wasn't staring at anyone honest!" He managed to squeak out in a weak protest. Another amused stare from Akamine, but this one had a hidden glare that Hinata \*\*\_did\_\*\* notice this time.

"Was it Hirota-san?" The question was asked innocently enough, but it still made Hinata want to take shelter underneath his desk. He tried to open his mouth to protest once more, but found the words hard to come out. So he shook his head violently instead.

His desk mate chuckled quietly, but it sounded more like an annoyed huff. "She is quite a sight to see isn't she?" Hinata couldn't stop the impulsive feeling to glance back at the girl. He stared at the red-head and had a feeling that his desk mate was as well. "Y-yeah." He mumbled in agreement, not realizing what he said. A smirked curved onto Akamine's face and he closed his eyes in irritation letting out a huff of laughter.

Hinata looked back at the boy surprised to be faced with a full on glare. "Don't waste your time on her, kid." A spike of annoyance shot through Hinata at the kid comment. "She's mine." \*\*\_What do you own her!? \*\*Hinata wanted to snap, but instead smartly kept his mouth shut since the other boy wasn't done talking. "She wouldn't even spare you a glance." A ping of hurt, soon replaced by bitter-and plain irritation. "Besides, she's mute."

Hinata's glare faded into surprise as he looked back at the girl. "It's not that she can't talk, it's that she chooses not to. Something tragic must of happened to make her that way. Being with someone with an attention span like yours, who talks non-stop would make her uncomfortable. She needs someone who understands."

"Oh, and you understand?" Hinata sneered back at the boy finally managing to find his voice again. Akamine's glare intensified and Hinata shrunk back slightly, but still put his fists up to his face. "Y-you wanna fight?"

The other boy snorted. "Please, fighting someone like you would be like hitting a baby." Hinata's momentary fear instantly faded to be replaced by anger. He opened his mouth to yell at the boy only to be interrupted by the teacher. "Hinata-san, Akamine-san is there something you'd like to share with the class?"

Hinata froze, though a sneer was on his face staring at the smirk the other boy had on. "No sir." Akamine answered still staring at Hinata. "Then pay attention and stop talking."

"Y-yes sir." Hinata managed to get out through gritted teeth.

## 2. Chapter 2

The pout on Hinata's face was seriously starting to piss Kageyama off. His brow twitched as he watched the ginger haired boy push the food in his bento around lazily instead of scarfing it down like he usually does.

"What's your problem?!" The black haired boy snapped at his friend, there was a long silence after that, but after a while the other boy replied. Hinata's pout intensified as he answered. "Just something a classmate said to me today put me down is all . . ." Kageyama's anger faded to surprise as he stared down at the orange haired boy. "Your getting bullied." The blunt question wasn't even asked, it was stated.

Hinata's brows scrunched, it wasn't technically bullying at least in his opinion, but what Akamine had said was something a bully would have said in a way. Besides even if he was getting bullied he could handle it himself, he was small not helpless. "No. Just an off handed comment is all." The ginger said his enthusiasm returning. His friend blinked and glared at the boy who was trying to obviously brush the incident off as nothing. Bullying was serious these days, not something to take lightly. And besides no matter how much Hinata pissed him off, the boy was his best-friend- Kageyama wasn't going to let his friend get bullied.

"Who was it." It sounded like an order not a question and Hinata felt angry at his friend for no reason. "I'm not getting bullied Okay!" Looking at Kageyama's surprised face made guilt pour in his stomach quenching the sudden irrational anger he had felt. "We just had a disagreement, he said somethings, I said somethings. Kind of like the fights you and I have. Or when we argue with Tsukishima. Nothing to get upset over. Now that I think about it, it was stupid for me to get so riled up, that it ruined our lunch." Hinata let out a loud carefree laugh. "I'm sorry Kageyama."

A tick mark appeared over the raven haired boy's head. He put his hand on Hinata's head and squeezed, his friend squeaked and whined about being hurt. "Don't do it again idiot!" He snapped. After that their atmosphere seemed to be back to normal as Hinata babbled happily annoying Kageyama as always. And if Kageyama did notice the way Hinata put the lid back on his untouched bento, before putting it away- his friend hadn't said anything. But, Kageyama did notice and it worried him.

\* \* \*

><p>Hinata was no better at practise, his personality was as usual-energetic and annoying, but every spike or pass the small boy tried to hit, he missed. He either tripped, got hit in the face, bumped into other players, or ran into the net. It was embarrassing to just watch. Kageyama couldn't even imagine how the smaller boy felt, but that didn't stop him from shouting at his friend. Several arguments later they were busy running laps, which Hinata somehow also managed to screw up today. Others also started to notice the small boy's strange behavior. Surprisingly Tsukishima was actually the first. The blonde had approached them earlier, and made another crack at Hinata's height which usually pissed him off. Actually almost anything the blonde boy said to Hinata pissed him off. Kageyama remembered one time when Hinata dropped something in the locker rooms

and Tsukishima picked the item back up, tossing it at Hinata with a simple <strong><em>'You dropped this, idiot.'<em>\*\* Hinata had jumped at the blond bouncing on the balls of his feet, his balled up fists at his face. \*\*\_ 'You wanna fight?!'\_\*\*

Kageyama no matter how much he hated even thinking about agreeing with something that Tuskishima said, had snorted in agreement when the blonde called the shorter boy a dumb-ass. But, back to the point earlier when the blonde took a crack at the gingers height like usual, ruffling the smaller boys hair like some little kid to get on Hinata's nerves. Hinata just laughed and offered a half-hearted. \*\*\_ 'That's funny.'\_\*\* In return. Tsukishima was so stunned he stared after the smaller boy for a good 10 minutes until he turned to an equally as stunned Kageyama. Both boys had shared a look before Kageyama huffed and walked away following after his friend.

When practise was over Kageyama asked the boy if he wanted to walk home together, Hinata declined saying he wasn't going straight home. "I have to run some errands for my mother, Ha!" The ginger said rubbing at his neck after pulling on his jacket. Kageyama didn't call the boys bluff instead nodded his head when Hinata bid him and the rest of the team farewell before running out.

"Kageyama?"

The raven haired boy turned to face Sugawara. The older boys face was scrunched together in confusion. "Is everything with Hinata . . . Okay?"

Kageyama frowned and took his time before answering, deciding if it was a good idea to tell them what Hinata told him at lunch. " A classmate of his said something to him today that upset him." He finally said pulling on a clean shirt. "You mean the the shrimp is getting bullied?" Tanaka asked, dropping his bag. Kageyama shrugged. " I asked him if that was the case, but he snapped at me, before apologizing and saying that it was an off handed comment and it was stupid to get so upset about it in the first place."

"That does sound like something Hinata would say." Yamaguchi pondered out loud. "Yeah . . ." Kageyama mumbled to himself. "If he is getting bullied than maybe we should do something about it, I mean sure he's a ball of sunshine, but there's only so much a person could take. We don't even know how long this has been going on for." Nishinoya said.

Silence passed through the team. Kageyama didn't say anything and neither did anyone else, they all left in silence that day.

### 3. Chapter 3

He peaked over the book he was \_ 'reading'\_ to get a glimpse at her. They were in the library, it was free period and both of them happened to end up here.

. . . Ok, so maybe she was walking past him he noticed and followed her like a lost puppy. Don't judge! He's just a boy, a creepy seeming, stalkerish behavior at the moment- boy. His head thumped down onto the hardwood table, as a strange inhuman sound passed through his parted lips. After a minute he picked up his head and

continued to stare at her over the rim of the book he was holding.

He was supposed to be with Kageyama, they usually sneak in a little practise with each other during this time. But, today right when their math lesson finished he followed her.

\_\*\* 'She wouldn't even spare you a glance.' \*\*\_Akamine's words from the other day rang in his ears. Hinata scowled, a red tick mark appearing on his forehead. The other boy was here today and for a better time of their morning classes burned holes into the back of Hinata's head as he watched him to make sure he kept his eye's off the red-head. But, then two of the second years (from another class) President- and Vice President knocked on the door, and said their was an emergency meeting of some sort. The teacher excused both students who were apart of the student council- telling them to get the notes from a friend later.

Once the the blue eyed male left, Hinata took his chance and stopped trying to \_'focus'\_ on his work in favor of staring at the object of his attention. Besides he could get the notes from Yachi later, she was still helping (and failing) him and Kageyama at getting their grades up.

He sighed, and after a moment shook his head not believing a sound so dreamy- could fall from his mouth. But, then he caught a glimpse of her tucking a long strand of hair behind her ear and all was lost. If he was a girl, somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that hearts would be flying all around the place behind his head as well as in his eye's. Crushes were so troublesome.

He continued to watch, she was sitting by a window again the sun shined in on her making her red hair glow, her skin looked soft and smooth, shadows from her long lashes cast down onto her cheeks once again. Her mermaid curls were cascading down her back like a velvet water fall, and . . . and . . . Damn it! He knew he was being cliché, but, He. Just. Can't. Help. It.

He dropped his head down onto the wooden table again, another inhuman sound passing through his lips. "HINATA!" A familiar voice snapped making the ginger spaz out and fall onto the floor. He looked up to see a very angry Kageyama towering over him, a dark aura surrounding his tall frame.

Nervous laughter passed through his mouth as he scrambled back on the floor to get away from the angry looking boy. His raven haired friend opened his mouth, brow twitching in annoyance, but he was interrupted by the short yet shrill sound of the bell.-\*\*\_'Has the saying 'saved by the bell' ever been so sweet.' \_\*\*Hinata thought to himself as he stumbled onto his feet and shakily began to walk around his friend keeping his distance just in case Kageyama attacked.

"W-would you look at that, S-sorry K-Kageyama, see-ya'-later!" He managed to rush out the last part before dashing out of the library. Once in the safety of his classroom Hinata, collapsed into his seat and groaned loudly causing several students to look at him weird.

Once again he repeats crushes are troublesome.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>'What would her voice sound like?'<strong>\_Hinata found himself pondering as his attention drifted to her. Akamine still wasn't back from the meeting so he had all the time in world at the moment to observe her freely. A minute ago he was thinking of things to write in his obituary once Kageyama finally gets a hold of him, because he knew the boy was planning on killing him. But, once more Akemi won over his thoughts and he found himself watching her . . . again.

This was seriously becoming a big problem.

"Hinata. Would you mind telling the class the answer to the question I just asked?" Mr. Hiroshi his teacher said snapping the ginger out of his trance. Hinata laughed nervously and scratched the back of his neck. Everyone in his class was looking at him. Maybe even . . . his eyes cut quickly over to her just in time to see her glance back at him. Their eyes locked and Hinata felt all the air in his lungs escape. "W-Whats the question again?" He asked Mr. Hiroshi, his voice sounding hoarse and breathless, as his eyes were still locked with Akemi's beautiful orbs. The rest of his class began to giggle at his dismay, but he could only pay attention to the way Akemi cracked a smile while staring at him. Like she wanted to know she wasn't laughing at him, but she genuinely thought he was funny.

"Next time pay attention." His teacher grumbled in distaste as he returned to the lesson. Akemi turned away from him then, slowly, but she moved so now instead of staring into her eyes he was staring at the back of her head once more. \*\_\_'How could just a glance from her make my heart beat so fast.'\_\*\*- Hinata thought to himself placing a hand over his small chest to feel the very quick -at the moment- \_thump-thump-thump. \_

When Akamine, and Kinoshita Aoi (The main President of the class) finally came back to the lessons, his heart still wasn't tame. And it took extreme will power on his own part not to shamelessly observe her again- Akamine's persistent glances didn't help much either. Once class was over Hinata was the first one out, and running down the hall to get to his locker which he realized the day before was 2 down from Akemi's, but sadly right across from Akamine's. He began to put away his books at lightening speed before slamming the metal device shut with a bang.

Still facing his locker Hinata curved his eyes towards his far left to peek at the girl from the corner of his eye. She was there just opening her locker, and beginning to put away her things. Every student that past her seemed to throw the girl a greeting. The older ones to, not just kids their age. He watched as Akemi smiled politely back at them with the occasional small head nod. Was she really that popular and he seriously just didn't notice until yesterday. Hinata silently pondered this, when someone who he really wished would just disappear approached the girl and wrapped a long arm around her soft and delicate looking shoulders.

He watched as Akamine flashed the now uncomfortable looking girl a smile with a wink before he began to talk to her. Watching Akamine treat her like that brought a bad taste to his mouth. \*\_\_'She deserves to be worshipped like the princess she is, not treated like some other girl who he's trying to sucker a date out of.'\_\*\*Hinata

thought bitterly a dark Ora starting to surround him making some of the passing students shoot him unnoticed weary looks. He continued to watch as Akamine talked animatedly to her whilst smiling at and greeting students who passed him and Akemi.

Speaking of the red-head she seemed annoyed. Her posture was straighter than usual, in a stiff way that gave a hint the small girl didn't like the other boys arm around her. Hinata couldn't stop the grin when he watched Akemi shrug Akamine's arm off of her, close her locker before walking around and away from the boy. A laugh was about to leave the ginger's lips at the stunned look on his Vice President's face, as he waved and called after the walking girls back who didn't spare him a glance. But, to bad the laugh was cut short when a hand landed roughly on top of his head and began to squeeze painfully.

"Ack'!" Hinata made a noise of protest turning his head to the right with a small whimper to see who his tormentor was, though he had a pretty good feeling he knew who it was. Kageyama stood there his face, was one so angry and ferocious that Hinata was sure to have nightmares about it for weeks to come. The smaller boy sent the raven haired lad a shaky smile. "H-hey . . ."

"I'll crush you, idiot!"

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*\_\*\*\_ Bonjour! My beautiful readers. How are you all liking the story so far, I know the chapters are a bit short and the plot is a little hidden at the moment, but trust me when I say that every thing will start falling into place in later chapters. Tell me what'cha guys are thinking in the comments section reviews are always helpful!~ I send my love\_\*\* \_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Hinata fidgeted in his spot on the floor against the wall. The rest of his teammates stood around him forming a make-shift Hinata trapping dome. They looked down at him, some were glaring like Kageyama, and Tanaka, others were looking concerned Sugawara, Nishinoya, Daichi, and Azumane <strong><em>(and also secretly Tsukishima along side Yamaguchi though they'd never admit it)<em>\*\*. The ginger wouldn't stop squirming he felt so uncomfortable, and he still didn't really understand what he did so wrong.

After Kageyama found him at his locker the taller boy forcefully dragged him to the gym and sat him down while everyone else began to surround him. It confused him, were they all mad that he skipped the practise he had scheduled with Kageyama, or were they upset over how he sort of played like a blind bat yesterday during practise. And if that's the case then why don't they all look as mad as Tanaka and Kageyama.- \*\*\_'That's because Kageyama and Tanaka look angry almost all the time.' \_\*\*His conscious echoed back.

The grin that wove onto Hinata's face couldn't be pinned down as he tried to stifle his laughter. "What's so funny!" Kageyama snapped irritated with the smiling ginger. He didn't understand what was so hilarious about the situation at hand. Hinata's smile faded and he cowered back in fear raising his hands in a defensive maneuver.



"Y-You wanna fight?!"

A tick mark appeared over the raven haired boys head and he opened his mouth to shout at his friend when a hand placed on his shoulder stopped him. Confused and suddenly calm Kageyama stared at Suga, who was giving him a warning look. " Relax Kageyama your frightening him, that's not what we want." Now Hinata was confused, they didn't want to yell at him? If not then why are they caging him in like some kind of zoo animal?

"Listen . . . Hinata-kun, Kageyama told us yesterday that their **\*\*\_might\_\*\*** be a small problem with, uh, bullying going on in your class. Is that true?"

Brown-gold orbs stared up at the several males. A small scowl echoed it's way onto Hinata's face as his eyes landed on Kageyama, who was at the moment avoiding eye contact with him. "You told them I was getting **\*\*\_bullied\_\*\***? I told you to forget about what I said! I blew the incident way out of proportion, it was a misunderstanding!" Hinata snapped at his friend anger welling up in his chest. The raven haired boy felt the sheepishness that was overwhelming him melt away to guilt which made him momentarily flinch, and then as soon as the guilt arrived it disappeared and changed to annoyance.

"Out of proportion?!" Kageyama said stalking closer to his sitting friend until he towered over the boy. " **\*\*\_Out of proportion\_\*\***!" He repeated again louder this time an angry vein popping up on his forehead and throbbing with the way his emotions pulsed. " You blew it so **\*\*\_out of proportion \_\*\***that you 1.) Didn't eat any of your lunch the day before, and 2.) Screwed up every 10 minutes during practise, resulting in making yourself look like a total fool!"

Hinata grit his teeth, getting ready to open his mouth to say something back, but then he realized he had no solid arguments because he hadn't eaten his lunch yesterday, and he had messed up plenty during practise. His open mouth closed and pulled it's self into a pout. "O-ok so maybe, you're right . . ."

"WHAT'S HIS NAME! WHERE THOSE HE LIVE! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON. MAKE SURE HE KNOWS THAT NO ONE MESSES WITH MY KOHAI!" Nishinoya yelled. Hinata felt sweat drip down the back of his neck, as he crossed his arms in an 'X'. "N-no, you don't understand, it's not like he's been doing this for a long time. He just said something to me yesterday that bothered me, and I guess I got in a slump."

"Whats that boys name?" Sugawara asked giving Hinata a serious look. Hinata shook his head and mimicked zipping his mouth. "Not telling, you'll just blow this way out of hand. I can take care of him myself. Besides I deal with Kageyama and Tsukishima all day at practise, he can't be much worse."

"What did you just say!" Kageyama snapped a red tick mark appearing over his head, while Tsukishima merrily sent him an amused glare. Hinata laughed nervously cowering back against the wall he was leaning on. "Nothing." He squeaked back staring at the scary looking raven haired boy.

Sugawara placed a hand on Kageyama's shoulder making the boy step back reluctantly. "Hinata, if this boy is bothering you, we can

help." Hinata groaned loudly throwing his head back, effectively hitting it. He winced and rubbed at the back of his skull with a pout, before mumbling. "Crushes are so troublesome."

"What was that?" Daichi asked looking at the boy in a confused fashion. Hinata paled before forcing a grin on to his face and coughing up a strained laugh. "N-N-nothing, nothing, just ignore me."

"He said something about something else being troublesome." Tsukishima said in a bored tone. Hinata shot the boy a glare while the blonde smirked in return. "Whats troublesome Hinata?" The ginger shook his head violently his face turning bright red.

"Idiot! You know you can tell us anything, we won't laugh." Tanaka said, giving Hinata a strange look. At those words Hinata through a pointed look at Tsukishima, who rose a brow in reply before rolling his eyes. "I won't laugh shorty, but I'm not promising about not teasing you of it if it's good enough blackmail material."

"Gee thanks . . ." Hinata mumbled bitterly crossing his arms over his small chest.

It was quiet for a while as they all watched Hinata for a minute. "So, what it is it that's bothering you?" Azumane asked carefully. Hinata scrunched his brows silently contemplating if it was a good idea to tell them. Maybe if he admitted it out loud his little obsession would ease up in it's intensity. By that he means maybe, he'll seem like less of a stalker.

"W-well, you see. Y-yesterday, I noticed someone who I've never really noticed before. A-A girl. And, I don't know why, but I think I have a c-crush on her." Hinata started explaining through gritted teeth. "I've been acting kind of, stalkerish about the whole thing as well. You see she's in my class and all day yesterday, I was . . . \*\_looking\_\* at her. My desk mate noticed, his name is Akamine Nubo, the first year Vice President. Apparently she's \*\_'his'\_\* and she'll \*\_'never even spare me a glance'\_\*". I don't know why, but that got to me. The way he said it with confidence, it was kind of like a hidden threat. Ugh! I feel like a . . . like a . . . idiot." Hinata said mumbling the last part.

"That's because you are." He heard Kageyama say. The ginger's head snapped up with a glare, that only escalated to having his cheeks redden in embarrassment when he noticed the- not laughing- but silently amused looks of his teammates. "I knew it was a bad idea to tell you guys!" He snapped face most likely as bright as Akemi's hair.- \*\_Ack! Even now I can't stop thinking of her!\_\*

"Whats her name?" Daichi asked smiling fondly at how Hinata who was busy bickering with Tsukishima who made a comment about his crush. "NO. No, no, no, no, no, no, no! I'm defiantly not telling! You'll just make it worse! Y-You'll like tell her or something!" Hinata squeaked turning his attention away from the tall blonde and toward his captain. The ginger scrambled on to his feet and pushed past the barrier his friends had made around him.

"Can, we just get started on practise?"

"For once I agree with the shorty."

"Don't call me that! You wanna fight?!"

## 5. Chapter 5

"This is so irritating." Tsukishima mumbled under his breath as he and Yamaguchi pushed passed fellow class-mates to get toward the lunch line. The tall blonde sighed and stole a glance at his friend who had just gotten shoulder checked by a 3rd year who didn't notice him. Tsukishima sighed again and grabbed his friend by the arm hauling him closer so that people would stop slamming into him. "Stay closer or they'll run you over."

The freckled teen looked up at his friend sheepishly. "A-ah right." He felt slightly embarrassed that Tsuki still had to look out for him, even now, when he had just gained the tall boys respect after the summer camp training. Tsukishima made a dismissive noise in the back of his throat and gave the boy an amused look.

Once they got in line it was silent between them, except for the occasional annoyed huff Tuskishima would make when people still bumped into him. After a while they had gotten to the front and the blonde boys honey colored gaze scanned the sweets looking for his favorite cake. Distress curved onto his face when he noticed there was no more left. "\*\*\*Tch\*\*." He clicked his tongue in distaste. He looked up at the lunch room workers and locked eyes with one of the older women. "Excuse me." He bit out as politely as he could. "Do you know who took the last piece of the strawberry cake?" The women gave Tsukishima a sugary smile and nodded. " Sweet young, Kiyoshi Jiro."

Tuskishima hummed in annoyance at the other woman's obvious respect for the boy. "And how did Kiyoshi-\*\*\_kun\_\*\* look like?" The women gave him a semi- confused look, but still seemed ecstatic enough to talk of the young male. "Hmm, well he's very tall, with peachy skin, big violet eyes and his hair is snow white. And he's been on crutches for the past week cause he sprained his ankle. You can't miss him, he certainly stands out."

"Right, thank you."

Tsukishima walked out of line and away from the woman with Yamaguchi scrambling after him, making protesting sounds. "Where are you going, Tsukki?" His friend panted out after he finally caught up to the tall boy. "You'll see." He mumbled back, looking for the boy the woman had described. A flash of white fazed him and Tsukishima stopped walking abruptly making Yamaguchi bump into his back. His honey colored gaze narrowed and he observed around him more accurately, a flash of white again and Tsukishima smirked to himself as he approached the boy.

The boy was sitting down, but even from there Tuskishima could he see was obviously quite tall. His white hair fell around and framed his face, his peachy skin stood out only slightly against his hair, and when the boy turned toward him he was stunned to actually see the male had violet orbs. He had a serious looking face, but he then smiled at Tuskishima and the blonde already knew the guy was friendly. Honey eye's drifted down, and took notice of the black cast like shoe that was wrapped around his right ankle, and the long grey

crutches resting against the table.

**\*\*\_Crutches** or no crutches, I'm still doing this\_**\*\***. "Your Kiyoshi Jiro?" Tsukishima asked tilting his head to the right continuing to scrutinize the male. The smile never faltered instead grew until it was a grin and Tsukishima could see his straight white teeth. "I am. Who are you?" His voice was deep, and rough in a way that makes a persons skin itch the first time they hear it. "Tsukishima Kei." The blonde said back his tone blunt and straight to point. "Tsukki what are you doing?" Yamaguchi hissed lowly into the blondes ear. Tsukishima ignored him, instead deciding to let his orbs drift toward the cake on the table. It wasn't even a slice, practically the whole thing, only missing a small piece that was cut out. Annoyance pooled into the blondes stomach.

"And you are?" Tsukishima heard Jiro ask Yamaguchi. The blonde felt his skin crawl and ignored the impulse to shiver. '**\*\*\_Ok** so maybe his voice just makes people feel like that every time they hear it\_**\*\***.' He thought dismissively hearing his friend answer back to the white haired male. "Y-Yamaguchi Tadashi."

"Nice to met you guys." Once again his skin itched, but this time he brushed it off for his annoyance which was steadily growing. "Is there something, you guys want . . . . or. . ." Jiro trailed off letting his eyes follow the line of vision of Tsukishima, he felt sweat drip down the back of his neck as he released a laugh. "Oh, that yeah. I told the lady up front that I'd only like a piece, I don't usually eat sweets, but she insisted on giving me the whole thing. She was very pushy about it."

Tsukishima's eyes trailed back to Jiro who was giving him a sheepish close eyed smile. "You guys can take the thing if you want, like I said I only wanted a piece."

The blonde boy opened his mouth to say something to Jiro but, he was interrupted by a very quiet. "Ro-kun." Tsukishima's eyes snapped to the seat across from the white haired male.

Her green eye's shined like emeralds, and her dyed velvet hair tumbled down her back in a elegant fashion with loose bouncy curls. Her skin was pasty pale, and her lips were a pretty rose color. She was small, barely reached his shoulder from what he could tell at this distance. He sucked in a sharp breath through his half part lips, the sudden cold air making his teeth sting. His throat clenched, and his hands began to gather warm sweat. And though his face stayed in different as he continued to observe the beautiful girl, his insides were a light with energy.

Out of the corner of his honey colored orbs Tsukishima could see the way Jiro's face lit up in a smile. "Mimi-chan!~"

A small smile bloomed on her face, and her eyes lit up in happiness. When she blinked, her long thick lashes fluttered. He felt an overwhelming need to be close enough to count her lashes individually. He's never had a crush before, girls had crushes on him, never has it been the other way around for him. Or maybe it's been so long since he actually had a crush that he just doesn't remember the feeling.

But, he's pretty damn sure that he's never **\*\*\_ever\_\*\*** had a crush on

anyone before.

So why now? Was this a crush? Is that what this feeling is? He wants to be close to her all of a sudden, and **\*\*\_count her lashes\_\*\***? What is this a cheesy romance novel or high-school? He doesn't understand. Why her? Whats so great about her?

He's never felt so flustered by another female before in his life. He's met and seen plenty of gorgeous girls, his age, older- and he hasn't even flinched. Sure occasionally he mentally appreciated the view, but he was a teenager. A teenage boy to be exact, it's a part of life. But, now looking at the red-head before him an overbearing warm feeling started to ignite in the pit of his stomach, and Tuskishima didn't know if he wanted to run away as fast as he could or lean over the table and try to kiss her.

The blonde shut his half parted lips with a silent **\*\*\_pop\_\*\*** that no one noticed. He grit his teeth and resisted the urge to bite his own tongue for actually thinking of trying to kiss a girl he just met.

What's so great about her?**\*\*\_Seriously\_\*\***? Who cares if she's pretty, there are hundreds of other pretty girls just here at Karasuno.- **\*\*\_But, she's not just pretty. She's extravagant. Her beauty is the reason the sun rises in the morning\_\*\*.**

Oh, no his conscious was going against him now. This is bad.

He swallowed thickly and abruptly turned to face Jiro, who was busy having a conversation with Yamaguchi, and the red-head. "Sorry, to disturb you, have a nice lunch." He spit out before shoving Yamaguchi past and walking away faster than usual. He resisted the urge to turn around and look back at her, even though he desperately wanted to. -**\*\*\_Stop it\_\*\*.** He growled mentally to himself as a frown graced his features. Right when he stepped out of the lunch room, still near the entry way, did Yamaguchi finally catch up to him.

His freckled friend was giving him a strange look panting, trying to catch his breath. "What was that . . . about Tuskki, I was having a . . . nice conversation with Kiyoshi-kun and Hirota-chan?" Tsukishima ignored his friend by giving him a blank look.

"Hirota what?"

"Hirota Akemi weren't you listening, Kiyoshi-kun introduced us to her, she was cute." An ugly jealous feeling showed it's head, as he glared at his unsuspecting brunette friend. "W-What?" Yamaguchi asked nervous sweat dripping down his neck. "Nothing." His blonde friend grunted before turning on his heel and heading down the hall. "Let's just get to class."

"But, Tsukki we didn't even get to eat our lunch yet!"

## 6. Chapter 6

He stared up at his plain white ceiling. Holding in his breath, he finally let it out slowly through his mouth. His right arm was behind his head, and his left was resting at his side, hand on top of his abdomen. His head hurt, and if he didn't do something about that

small ache now it would surely turn into a migraine.

The lights were off, casting his room in an orange afternoon glow from the setting sun outside. He had changed out of his uniform, and showered away the sweat that clung to him from practice. Now he was wearing a simple white T-shirt, black sweat pants, and some socks. His glasses were off and resting on the bed side table near his alarm, making his vision blur. He felt jittery for some reason even though they had a hell of a work out today, and though he didn't eat lunch, he could barely eat more than three bites of dinner.

He brushed off his mother's concern, and ignored the eye contact that his father and brother were trying to make with him. Walking up the stairs, he could hear his mother question out-loud. '\*\*\_What's wrong with him today\_\*\*?' The worry made him feel warm, in a good way. '\*\*\_Maybe he's in love. Puppy love these days those wonders to kids\_\*\*.' His father replied. The snort, from his brother and sigh from his mother made his slow steps up the stairs quicken so he could try and erase the words his father had said.

To bad they were drilled into his ears and weren't going away any time soon. - '\*\*\_Ridiculous old man\_\*\*.' He grumbled irritably in his head as he squeezed his eyes shut, trying to eliminate the throbbing in his skull. But, as soon as he closed his eyes \*\*\_she\_\*\* popped into his brain, and it was almost like he was standing back in the lunch room all over again. Her emerald orbs burned holes into his cranium, forever engraving him with her beauty. Honey eye's snapped open in exasperation. The hand resting on his stomach clenched into a fist bunching up the fabric of his shirt.

He growled lowly in his throat narrowing his eyes at nothing in particular, then after a minute realizing that and feeling like an idiot. - '\*\*\_This must be what shorty feels like on a regular basis\_\*\*' Some how that thought seemed to lighten his mood, just a little.

A knock on his door, caught his attention and he turned his head. "Come in." The door creaked open to reveal his brother who only peaked his head in enough to see and be seen. "Hey. You alright?" Tsukishima felt the urge to yell '\*\*\_No!No I'm not\_\*\*!' but, resisted and instead mumbled. "My head hurts that's all."

His brother raised a brow with his lips pursed and nodded his head once. "You going to be alright?" Tsukishima rolled his eyes regretting it soon after when he winced in pain. "Yeah, it'll be over with soon."

"Ok . . . well I'm heading out, I don't think I'll be here for dinner tomorrow, but if you ever need anything you can always call."

Tsukishima rolled onto his side facing away from his older brother and waved a hand at him a small smile on his lips. "Yeah, I know." It was silent for a while, a comfortable atmosphere enveloping the room even though his brother still hadn't left. "Oh, and Kei. If you like her so much, just tell her. " By the time Tsukishima scrambled around to stare at his brother wide eyed, the older boy already snickered and walked out closing the door behind him. So now the blonde was staring at his closed door barely being able to see anything with his lack of glasses, in coming head-ache and now dark room.

He sneered wincing in the process before flopping back down onto his back shaking his mattress with the force. How could his brother know? Maybe he was just teasing from what his father had said down stairs earlier. He couldn't deny it though. He was thinking about her, how can he not? She was imprinted into his brain for the rest of eternity, and maybe at the moment he was being a **\*\*\_bit\_\*\*** ridiculous glaring at his ceiling and tossing around with a melodramatic flourish, because he just couldn't get comfortable when he realized he has his **\*\*\_first ever crush\_\*\*** on a girl, who he has never even seen around before today.

And the worst, part is she didn't even look at him, plenty content with just staring over at Jiro, or **\*\*\_Ro-kun\_\*\*** as she called him. Not to be an over confident jerk, that he usually is, but girls were the ones who paid attention to him. For once in his life it was the other way around. Maybe she didn't look at him because her an Jiro are dating? A strong disliking for the pleasant boy grew in Tsukishima's stomach for no reason. A low growl escaped his lips, as he squeezed his eyes tight together trying to shake the image of seeing Jiro, and Akemi kissing.-**\*\*\_There is always the possibility that there related.\_\*\***His thoughts echoed back to him. A snort his left his mouth as he wiggled around some more burrowing himself deeper into his mattress keeping his eyes closed.

"Related my ass."He mumbled out loud mentally picturing their appearances, there was no way they could be related they were to different. Jiro, being tall and well built, it was obvious the boy played sports. He was lanky like Tsukishima himself, but yet in a way his muscles were more developed. Strong looking jaw line, strong looking fore arms, strong looking hands. Strong looking everything. His hair was snow white and his skin pasty pale. Violet eyes, with a serious face but, soft warm smile.

And then their was Akemi. She was tiny, like Hinata maybe even tinier, most likely around Nishinoya's height. Her original hair was a rich brown, it was obvious from the color of her eyebrows, but the velvet color she used to dye it suited the girl well. The locks were also quite long, and wavy locks reaching down to the girls waist. Her eyes were green and they shined like the stars, or emeralds, or just anything shiny in particular that stood out. Her skin was like porcelain, sweet and smooth, no imperfections insight. Tuskishima should know he had been staring at the girl for a while. Her expression seemed mature and serious like Jiro, but unlike the boy she didn't need to smile to have a soft delicate look to her. But, her smile was sure something. Beautiful and captivating like seeing the sunset for the first time on a beautiful summer day and . . . . . and. . . .\_**\*\***  
><strong>\_

**\*\*\_Ugh\_\*\*!**" Tsukishima shot up now sitting and cradling his head in his hands. "Get out, get out, get out, get out, get out . . ."He mumbled to himself over and over rubbing at his temples. At the moment he wasn't all to sure if he was murmuring for the head-ache to get out or for Akemi to get out, but he knew that if anyone else saw him right now they'd send him to a mental institution. After a good five minutes of sitting like that he flopped onto his back again with a groan and closed his eyes slinging one arm over his face.

A sigh left his mouth and in that moment, though he physically

cringed at the reminder, he found himself agreeing with Hinata.-'\*\*\_Crushes are so troublesome\_\*\*.'

## 7. Chapter 7

"How can you say that! Kurihara Hikari is one of the most beautiful girls in the world! She looks lovely in anything her designers put her in!"

"All I'm saying is the color scheme clashes with the color of her eyes!"

"The color scheme clashes with the color of \*\*\_your \_\*\*eye's.  
HAH!"

"That made no sense . . . At all."

Tsukishima and Yamaguchi walked into the club room to be greeted by the sight of their two second year sempai's huddled together looking at some kind of magazine. Nishinoya seemed slightly irritated by his friend while, Tanaka looked like he was trying to get his opinion across and in through the thick skull that surround the other boys brain.

"Ignore them they've been like that the whole day." Sugawara said approaching the two first years with a smile. The grey haired male tossed the volleyball in his hands over to Tsukishima who caught it with ease. " Some kind of '\_model crisis\_' they needed to discuss."

The blonde simply raised a brow while casting a look over at the second years. "Idiots." He mumbled to himself as he moved to get ready for practise.

A few minutes later Tsukishima saw Hinata and Kageyama enter the gym. Well it was more like heard. Since the sound of those two bickering over powered the sound of Tanaka, and Nishinoya's '\_model crisis\_' discussion that they were still going on about. The blonde glanced up and smirked when he saw the ginger and raven haired boys going at it again like cats and dogs. Somehow seeing them acting like the dumb-asses they were made-up for the fact that he had gotten little-to-no sleep last night.

A scowl etched it's way onto his face at the reminder. -'\*\*\_It's all her fault\_\*\*.' He thought to himself rather darkly.- '\*\*\_Don't you dare blame such an innocent creature\_\*\*.' Another voice in the back of his head replied. Tsukishima felt his scowl increase. '\*\*\_You know nothing about her. How do you even know she's innocent! Maybe she just looks innocent, but on the inside she's the devil\_\*\*.' Great now he's arguing . . . mentally . . . with himself. '\*\*\_Ok first of all me and you, same person. And second of all, we might not know her, but we know that we want to.\_\*\*'

"I'm going insane." Tsukishima mumbled to himself rubbing at his temples. His freckled friend shot him a curious look." What was that Tsukki?" Honey eyes looked over at the brunette. Tsukishima shook his head before looking away from his friend. "Nothing."

A few minutes passed, the bickering from Kageyama and Hinata had



stopped soon after they had walked in (\*\*\_Thanks to Sawamura who had glared at them in annoyance\_\*\*), but Nishinoya and Tanaka were still having that model discution thing, and they were getting louder by the second. "Hey! Guys come here for a second!" Nishinoya suddenly yelled out to the rest of his team mates. Tsukishima looked up annoyed, but followed the others and soon they were standing around Nishinoya and Tanaka, with curious/irritated expressions.

"What is it?" The dark haired captain of the team said, arms crossed and giving the two younger boys glares. The glares went unnoticed as Tanaka grabbed the magazine they were looking at the trust it into the other boys faces. "Tell Yuu, that this picture of Hikari-chan, looks better then this one. Because it does!" The taller second year shouted while shooting a glare at his spiky haired friend who was glaring right back.

"It does not! Go ahead boys tell him that this picture looks better then that one!" While they continued to bicker Tsukishima rolled his eyes and looked at the magazine, which Sugawara was now holding in his hands. His honey colored eyes scanned the picture of the girl and somewhere in his head he admitted that she was indeed quite beautiful. -'\*\*\_But, not like Akemi\_\*\*.' Which was true. This girl on the cover might be a model but, her looks didn't compare to the red-head.

\*\*\_Hikari\_\*\*, or at least Tsukishima thinks that's what Tanaka and Nishinoya called the girl, had short raven colored hair, but not as dark as Kageyama's a bit lighter. It fell to just about the edge of her jaw and her bangs were swept towards her left. Her skin was so pale it seemed to glow, and her eye's were a nice noticeable shade of hazel framed by long dark lashes. She kind of reminded him of Snowwhite the fairy tale princess.

In other words she was worthy enough to be a model, he guesses, but to him she still didn't come to par with how beautiful Akemi was. Tsukishima stole a glance at Hinata who was peaking over Suga's shoulder to get a better look at the picture, had the same look of indifference on his face as did Tsukishima. It made the blonde feel a bit better to know that he wasn't the only who had a crush, and felt as if they were the most loveliest thing they have ever seen.

But, that still didn't stop him from teasing the ginger haired male. A smirk curved onto Tsukishima's lips. "Whats wrong Shorty? You don't seem to be all to stunned with Hikari's beauty." Tanaka, and Nishinoya instantly stopped thier bickering and shot wide disbelieving/angered looks at Hinata. Everyone in the room was actually looking at him. Hinata glared over at Tuskishima who only gave the boy a smug smile back. "Yeah, well neither do you!"

-'\*\*\_Damn, I wasn't expecting that\_\*\*.' The smile on the blondes face faltered slightly, but still stayed in place. He managed to brushed of Hinata's comment smoothly though. "On the contrary she's quite a beautiful girl, and I agree with Tanaka this picture looks better than that one." Tsukishima said pointing at the picture were the girl, was wearing a black off both shoulders sweater, and had what looked like a pen hanging out of her lips.

Momentarily forgetting the conflict that Tsukishima had risen, Tanaka turned toward his friend and shouted. "HAH!" Nishinoya glared at both

Tanaka, and Tsukishima, but the blonde only smirked at his sempai. "Well I agree, she's very pretty, but I think this picture looks better than that one." Hinata echoed back pointing at the picture that Nishinoya liked. "HAH! HAH!" Nishinoya yelled back at Tanaka with a look of triumphant on his face.

"Alright enough!" Sawamura boomed. Tsukishima and Hinata were the only ones who didn't flinch, they were too preoccupied glaring at each other heatedly.- '\*\*\_You sly little bastard. Your learning\_\*\*.'

Tsukishima thought with a smirk despite the annoyed aura surrounding him.

"She's a beautiful girl like Tsukishima-kun said, and that's why I think both pictures are nice." Suga said handing Tanaka back the magazine. "I agree." The tall ace of the team said with a soft smile. "Now that everyone has answered let's get back to practise." Sawamura said. Nishinoya the brave soul, raised his hand with a scared expression. "Uh . . . Daichi-kun, uh, Kageyama, and Yamaguchi didn't say anything, so technically not everyone answered."

The dark haired captain shot an annoyed glare at the second year who cowered back with a squeak he would later deny he made. "What was that?"

"Nothing sempai!"

"Good, now let's get back to practise."

## 8. Chapter 8

\*\*\_Bonjour lovely people! How are all of you doing today? I hope well! Anyways here's the next chapter of the story. And in this one it seems like the Sempai's are getting worried. Ooo!~ Reviews are always welcomed, and if you have any suggestions you can always leave them in the comments section or instant message me.\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Her hair blew around her face, but not even a single strand looked mis-placed once the wind settled and her hair stopped moving. She wasn't smiling at the moment, but amusement was evident in her eyes even from the distance he was watching her from. There was quite a large book in her lap, yet she wasn't reading too busy watching the male she was having lunch with talk animatedly about something.<p>

He noticed the color of her bento was white, while her friend-or boyfriend- or whatever he was to her, had a red one. - '\*\*\_Did they plan that on purpose? Was it a couple thing?\_' \*\* His grip on the water he was holding became tighter and the plastic in his hand crinkled with the force, his honey eye's drilling holes into the male who sat near the girl.

Across the courtyard another young man was also watching the girl. A scowl was on his face as he continued to watch her and her friend, or whoever he was- interact. She didn't say anything, but from time to time he saw her cover her face to hide a smile or a giggle if her shoulders shook. But, mainly she just sat and watched the boy talk her ear off happily, with a fond emotion shining in her emerald

colored eyes. This young man, ran a hand through his ginger colored hair and puffed out his cheeks which were red with anger.

Both boys watching the girl and her friend, eventually sighed and walked away reluctantly. Several times they both looked back at her, yet not once did they notice each other. -'\*\*\_Damn\_\*\*.' They both thought, one boy smirking to himself, while the other sneered at nothing in particular.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hinata! Tsukishima! Get your head in the game! Come on! This is practise not play time!" Hinata grunted at his captains words lunging at the ball he was trying to receive. He missed again and ended up summer salting straight into Kageyama's legs. His raven haired friend had a red angry tick mark above his brow, but he still helped the short ginger up, despite the fact that when the boy bumped into him he messed up the receive Kageyama was in fact trying to hit.<p>

Tsukshima cursed to himself. Ever since the summer camp escapade with Yamaguchi, he's been actually trying in practises and games, even if it was just a little. He still tried more then before. And to be honest now most of the time when he didn't try, it was just mainly to piss off, Kageyama, Nishinoya, and Tanaka. Shaking his head free from the thought he stretched out his arms before grabbing another ball throwing it into the air, and once more trying out his serve. He cursed again when it went over the net only to angrily hit the corner of the wall bounce back and hit Tanaka-sempai in the face.

That's how the practise went for the rest of the time. Daichi didn't say anything else after the first time he scolded the boys. The dark haired captain could see that both boys were out of it today, yet they were pushing themselves like dogs. As if both of them wanted to forget something. Daichi had a feeling that the crush thing could possibly be Hinata's problem. A small fond smile grew on his face as he watched the small red head bounce around an annoyed Kageyama who was taking a drink of his water.

Daichi's brown eyes drifted over to the tall blonde.-'\*\*\_The problem here is I have no idea what could be bothering him\_\*\*.' Daichi pushed the thought way. It made him disappointed in himself that he couldn't think of ways to help the boy, but he realized that Tsukishima if he drastically (\*\*\_And he means in like really, really, REALLY, badly\_\*\*) needed help, the boy would eventually come to them.

An hour later he called out to his team. "Alright practise is over. Lets go home for the day." Walking to the locker rooms he took notice that Tsukishima, and Hinata looked the most physically exhausted. Sweat dripping off of them like they had just stepped foot out of a shower. Briefly he thought that he was the only one who noticed the boys strange behavior. But, then his eyes locked with Sugawara's and he knew that the other boy noticed as well.

The locker room was filled with mindless chatter, and soon they started to drift out and head home. Hinata and Kageyama were the first to leave, arguing about some kind of video game, and who was going to beat who. Then, Tsukishima and Yamaguchi walked out. Both boys were silent, as usual, the only thing you heard from them before they left was. '\*\*\_Ready to go Tuskki?\_\*\*' and then a '\*\*\_Yeah\_\*\*.'

Right when Nishinoya, and Azumane were about to leave was when Daichi spoke up and stopped them.

"Wait."

Everyone left in the room froze. "I need to discuss something with you." Tanaka and Noya visibly paled. The shorter of the two second years turned around and in a rush shouted.

"If-this-is-about-the-model-thing-from-yesterday-we're-sorry-and-it-won't-happen-again!" The taller of the two, nodded his head vigorously. Daichi raised his brow in an amused fashion. "It's not that but, I'll hold that against you two."

"Anyways, " the dark haired captain continued looking around at the remaining members of the club. " What I wanted to talk about, is Hinata and Tsukishima. They seemed off and I want to know if any of you noticed."

Noya seemed stunned before a introspective look appeared on his face. "Other than the fact that Tsukishima kept hitting Tanaka in the face and that Hinata kept bumping into Kageyama, nothing to big."

"They did seem a little weird today, though. Especially Tsukishima-kun." Suga said in a worried tone. "Maybe their sick?" Asahi suggested. The room fell into contemplative silence. "Hey! Come on relax guys! I'm sure their fine. Both of them are just probably in a slump. And besides Hinata and Four Eyes have spunk in their own ways. They'll get through whatever is bothering them." Tanaka said in his usual ridiculous animated way.

Daichi sent the younger boy a glare for the Four Eyes comment that he had made, but other then that sighed in agreement. "Maybe I'm just blowing this out of proportion." It was quiet again. Asahi smiled at his friends. "I think that Hinata is having problems with the whole crush thing. And as for Tsukishima, maybe he really is just sick."

A fond smile appeared on Daichi's face. "Yeah. I guess." Sugawara smiled at his dark haired friend before patting him on the shoulder. " We'll keep an eye out for them if it makes you feel better."

"Don't you already do that on a regular basis?" Daichi asked back in a teasing tone. Suga, gave him a closed eyed smile. "Well then I'll put in triple the effort tomorrow." They all started to laugh. But, even though the atmosphere seemed to shift to something less tense, Daichi still had the nagging worry feeling in the pit of his stomach. And if he looked long enough he could tell the others did to.

## 9. Chapter 9

A young girl with snow white skin, and short raven hair that fell just under her chin in a bob, sat in plush velvet colored chair with her long legs crossed over each other. Her hazel eyes were trained on the changing curtain before her, in an determined fashion. Her lips had formed a bored pout, and her right index finger rested at the corner of her mouth holding her head up. She huffed a breath out of her now parted lips, the sudden air making her side swept bangs tussle, before she shifted her hand away from her mouth as she threw her head back and rolled her neck. A satisfying crack (\*\*\_Satisfying

to her, and annoying to everyone else. Even her boyfriend said it bothered him\_\*\*..) that eased the stiff pain that had been bothering her sounded through out the small room.

Movement from behind the curtain made her attention quickly avert back to the white cloth that swayed in front of her eyes. The material was pushed aside and out stepped the raven haired girls best friend. Her hazel eye's lit up, as she took in the image of the red-head before her. "Oh, my golly goodness! MiMi- chan, you look perfect!"

The red-head smiled at her friend, her bright green eyes twinkling at the complement. " Hika-chan . . ." She scolded bashfully moving around the girl so she could see herself in a mirror. The raven haired female stood and followed after the other, a happy grin nearly splitting her facial features. "Your face will get stuck like that."The red-head scolded again once she finally reached the mirror.

Her head tilted to the side, making her long wavy hair shift slightly. The dress that she had tried on was in fact quite beautiful. It was a bright red, and the top half of the dress was made to look kind of like a denim crop top with spaghetti straps before it puffed out at the skirt. The dress itself stop at her upper thigh and showed off her long smooth legs. It was paired with a cut off at the sleeves short jean jacket, and tan mini clutch. The heels, her friend had matched with the dress were a plain but, beautiful pair of simple black 5 inch pumps.

"I told you you look hot!~" The raven haired girl sing-songed as she gave her friend a smug look. " You said perfect, not hot." \_MiMi-chan\_ - or otherwise known as Hirota Akemi- reprimanded a pink blush dusting her cheeks. "Oh, did I? Well I meant hot, no-no wait! Sexy."

Akemi shot her friend an irritated look that ended up looking like more of a pout. "Kindly stop being so vulgar." \_Hika-chan\_- or otherwise known as Kurihara Hikari- only rolled her eyes with a fond smile. " Your to polite. It scares me sometimes."

Ignoring her friends comment Akemi spun herself around and watched amused as the skirt swayed elegantly. Her emerald eye's twinkled as she looked over at Hikari. "Once again the offer is still open MiMi-chan, I swear you could make it big as model." A sighed passed through the red-heads rosy lips. " I'm in the magazines enough as it is Hika-chan. Besides my father would not be pleased to know that my concentration is going into anything but, my dancing and studies." Hikari looked at the girl sympathetically when her friends face turned dark, her long velvet locks forming a curtain over her beautiful face.

"Right . . ."

The rare awkward silence that passed between them, was cut short by the classical sound of a piano playing. Akemi moved quickly toward her phone, the name on the screen made her throat clench involuntarily. She coughed slightly into her hand before answering the call.

"Yes, Papa?" Akemi's pleasant voice echoed out, making Hikari snap

her head over toward the younger girl. The raven cursed internally.-'\*\*\_I can't decide whether that man has brilliant or absolutely disgusting timing . . . \_\*\*'

"\*\*\_Where are you\_\*\*." Typical of her father, no questions just demands. Akemi gnawed at her bottom lip knowing if she kept it up her mouth would start to bleed, but at the same time not being able to stop herself.

"I'm over at the Kurihara residence, Hikari had bought me a dress and demanded that I should come over as soon as I can to try it on." Her father made a strange noise on the other side of the phone. Seeming to be a cross between and annoyed '\*\*\_Tsk\_\*\*', and a pleased hum.

"\_I'm pleased to hear that you are still keeping your close knit ties with the Kurihara family but, I should remind you that being late for practise because of such \*\*childish\*\* things isn't the smartest reasoning\_." A ping of hurt pinched at Akemi's heart.

"I have an hour to spare Papa. Don't fret, I timed my visit approximately so that I wouldn't miss anything important."

"\_Is that so\_?" Her father sounded amused, but the tone vanished as quick as it appeared. "\_Well then know this Akemi, the early bird catches the worm. I hope that after this call ends you'll be on your way home to get started on your training. We have important competitions coming up and can't afford you messing up in anyway. Everything must be perfect. Is that understood\_." Demanded not asked, again, like always . . .

Akemi's head tilted down, the girl had no bangs to shadow into her face unlike her friend, but her hair curtained down again and a shadow cast itself across the girls face. "Of course Papa."

"\_Good. I expect you to live up to the expectations everyone, including myself have set up for you. Nothing, but the best from the best\_."

"Understood." Her pleasant voice became hollow and she found it harder and harder to reply with more than one word answers.

"\_I've been meaning to ask Akemi but, I never had the time. You haven't joined any pointless clubs at school have you? None of those sports, remember they could cause harm to you, and I hope none of any of those other ridiculous little clubs- that could quite possibly take time away from you studies and training\_."

"I wouldn't even think of it."

"\_Your not lying to me, are you\_?"

"Never Papa."

"\_Good, now I have to go. Train hard\_."

The call ended before she could even utter the farewell. Un-shed tears blurred her vision as she turned toward Hikari. "I have to go Hika-chan, but this dress is lovely. Thank you for thinking of me, and buying it. I love it."

Hikari smiled sadly at her friend and stepped forward a bit reaching out toward the girl, trying to comfort her. " Akemi . . ." The red-head swiftly turned away with a forced laugh and made her way toward the white changing curtain. "I should get going like I said. Wouldn't want to be late for practise, now would I."

"Yeah . . ."

The younger female disappeared behind the cloth, and Hikari deflated slightly. No matter how much she wanted to help, the raven haired girl knew it wouldn't do so much. With families like theirs, there was no change. No way out of what was expected of you. It's just sad that the two youngest members of the their group of friends had to receive the harsher end of things. She knew Jiro, and Akemi were strong, but sometimes the pressure their parents placed the 15 year old's under was a bit much. But, like she said earlier with families like theirs, there was no change. **\*\*\_No\_\*\*** way out of what was expected of you.

## 10. Chapter 10

Kiyoshi Jiro, sat in the sterile white room all by himself. Today was the day he could finally take the cast off. He still remembers how frustrated his father had been with him, but more so with his former assistant trainer. Jiro smiled crestfallen hearing the words his father had screamed at him in anger echo through his brain. The white haired boy bit his lip. He could hear the sound of his doctor talking over the phone with his dad, the man who couldn't even come with him to find out about his condition in person. Jiro strained his ears, managing to catch bits and pieces of the conversation.

"\_Yes Katsu, I understand Jiro has many responsibilities, but he is only 15. His body and mind can't be put under so much strain. Your working him to hard\_."

The next part was blocked out for a few minutes, but what came after it he heard loud and clear. "\_I'm doing this favor for you because I have known you for a better part of my life. But, this is getting ridiculous Katsu. You and Kenji don't even treat them like human beings. They aren't indestructible! They are only kids\_ . . .  
."

"\_Don't get so offended now, you wanted my option as a doctor and I gave it to you. I also gave you an option from a fathers point of view. Think about Kastu, even Isao doesn't work, Eiji that hard. And that boys sport can cause the most bodily harm\_."

The conversation faded out again. Jiro suspected that Mr. Kurihara was pacing since his voice constantly switched from being close to moving out. A loud sigh was heard. "\_Yes. His ankle is perfectly fine, and the stiff feeling should be gone soon as long as he exercises it the right way\_."It was silent.

"\_Right\_." The sound of a phone snapping shut was heard, before Kurihara Hotaka- father of Kurihara Hikari stepped into the room. The well know physician sighed when he caught sight of the white haired boys disheartened face. "How much did you hear?"

"Enough." The short clipped answer from the usually cheerful boy, made the older gentle men frown. Kurihara Hotaka was now becoming an older man, but still looked not a day over 20, when in fact he was 37 years of age. His hair was a light raven color much like his daughters, with no graying strands in sight. His hair was short, not buzz cut short, but short enough to be styled into a quiff if the old man ever decided to use some hair products. His eye's were a vivid blue, and his skin was tan, but not overly so, kind of pasty. He was a man of average size, standing up to the height of 176.7 cm. Plus he was slim in a strong lean way, and the only reason you could tell he aged was from the laugh and frown lines around his mouth and eyes.

"Your father is a very complex man Jiro." The violet eyed boy stared down at his hands refusing to make any form of contact. "Why did you have to bring Akemi's dad into it?"

Hotaka took a deep breath and moved closer to the young male. He placed a comforting and warm appendage on his thinly clothed shoulder.

"While your father might be quite the slave driver himself. We both know that Hirota Kenji is the real Master to beware of. Akemi is such a sweet and kind hearted girl. I mean why on earth would I have to tell you that? You've know each other ever since your mothers had gotten pregnant together. She's your closest companion, and you are hers. That's how we know Kenji pushes her more than general's push the Marines. Or least that what it seems he does at times. I was just simply in putting Kenji's name hoping that you're father would realize he's pretty close to turning into him."

Jiro remained quiet knowing that his senior wasn't done talking.

"Of course your father was yet again completely blind to the hints I was dropping, and hung up on me after I assured him that your ankle hadn't suffered any damage that could make you stop training." A forced laugh passed through Jiro's red bitten lips.

"Of course he did. I mean he is **\*\*\_my\_\*\*** father. And in all honesty I would not be surprised if he turned into the spitting image of that waste MiMi-chan calls a father! Can you believe that- **\*\*\_that man\_\*\*** actually had the nerve to raise his hand to his own daughter." Jiro glanced over to Hotaka with a look of anger. "He actually **\*\*\_hit\_\*\*** her once before, because her dancing wasn't **\*\*\_good enough\_\*\*** because she was spending more time **\*\*\_playing foolish games instead of practicing\_\*\***."

The white haired boy let out a frustrated grunt. "I loathe that man. What I just can't seem to understand is how can Akemi not?"

"He's her father, that's how." That hand on his shoulder clenched making him relax slightly. Jiro made no comment understanding were Mr. Kurihara was coming from. He felt that same about his own father, yet he didn't know why.

"And what about JiJi-chan? Why did you mention him and Mr. Matsuzaki?"

"Just was trying to make another point to get it through your fathers head. Even Eiji's father doesn't push the young man so much. Sure his



training's are strenuous, and hell to deal with, but even Isao understands how young bodies can not be put under so much stress."

Jiro sighed and rubbed at his temples. "Look's like it's just MiMi-chan and I who get the sharpest end of the sword instead of the bluntest."

The older man gave Jiro another comforting squeeze of the shoulder before moving to stand in front of where Jiro had his cast covered foot propped up on. "Let's get this thing off, huh? I bet someone with your amount of energy must have been internally dying because of this old bulky thing."

Jiro's serious look melted instantly when his nice heart warming grin painted itself onto his face. "You have no idea."

## 11. Chapter 11

\_\*\* Sorry if Kageyama is a bit OOC, I hope you enjoy the chapter and keep reviewing! I send my love!~\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>There was many reasons as to why Kageyama was wet, red in face, and lying on the ground push up position on top of a<strong><em> very <em>\*\*beautiful girl, with a tall, tall, \*\*\_tall\_\*\* white haired boy standing up near them with a look of worry and surprise on his face. And here's how the reasons go in order.

Question 1:\*\*\_ Why was Kageyama wet\_\*\*?

Reason 1: He is \*\*\_wet\_\*\* because like usual he woke up early to get to school so he and the team (\*\*\_mainly Hinata\_\*\*) could catch some early practice. The first four minutes of his walk went well, the sky was dark like it normally was around that time. But, what the raven haired setter failed to notice were the angry looking storm clouds floating above his head, until a single loud crack of thunder followed by a flash of violet colored lightening alerted him of the on coming storm. To bad it was a little late for him, because right after the lightening faded rain poured down on him- \*\*\_hard\_\*\*. It actually physically hurt his skin from how strong the water droplets were pelting down on him. He ran the rest of the way to school, but he was still completely drenched.

Question 2 : \*\*\_Why was Kageyama red in the face\_\*\*?

Reason 2: Simply because of the compromising situation he had gotten himself into, lying on top of this girl, with such big beautiful green eyes, that stared up at him curiously and made him feel self conscious.

Question 3: \*\*\_Exactly why was Kageyama on top of the beautiful girl\_\*\*?

Reason 3: Lets just say running in the \*\*\_seemingly\_\*\* deserted school hallways, completely drenched by cold and \*\*\_slippery\_\*\* rain water, doesn't do anyone justice.

Question 4: **\*\*\_And why was there a very tall white haired male staring down at them\_\*\*?**

Reason 4: The tall white haired boy, was walking next the girl when Kageyama happened to bulldoze into her by accident.

"Are you guys Ok?" The white haired boy asked snapping Kageyama out of his trance. Said raven felt his already red face heat up even more until steam was bound to erupt from his ears. He attempted to scramble back, to get off the girl, only that seemed to back fire when a sharp pain shot through his wrist when he pushed himself up a little. He winced, and he guessed that the other male noticed, because two warm hands placed themselves on his biceps, and literally lifted him like some kind of toddler. Normally Kageyama would be pissed, but at the moment he was to flustered and worried about his hand to even care.

Violet eye's made contact with his own navy, and only now did Kageyama notice really how tall the boy was. Standing up to his own full height, Kageyama still paled in comparison to the other. " Hold on one sec." The male said. Goosebumps formed on Kageyama's arms, and the hair on the back of his neck stood up. How did he not notice how deep the boys voice was, or how serious and mature his facial expression appeared?

"You alright MiMi-chan?" The boy asked gently as he kneels down onto one knee and helped the girl sit up. The girl didn't speak, her emerald eye's still trained on Kageyama. She nodded her head though assuring her friend (**\*\*\_boyfriend?\_\*\***)she was fine. "You sure nothing hurts at all? I don't want you getting in trouble with your father."

Kageyama's brows furrowed. **-\*\*\_Why would she be the one to get in trouble\_\*\*?** "I'm sure." She said it so quietly that Kageyama thought he imagined it. The white haired male helped the girl to stand before pushing himself up.

Kageyama felt sweat drip down the back of his neck as he took them in. Lets put it this way, the girl paled in comparison greatly to just Kageyama's height, he was pretty sure the girl was even shorter then Nishinoya. So standing up beside this giant boy next to her . . . in general she looked like a toddler.

Kageyama wasn't exaggerating when he called the young man tall. The ravens brow twitched as he momentarily forgot the worrying pain in his hand, in favor of trying to mentally assess this boys height.

"O-Oi. E-exactly h-how tall are you?" He finally asked bluntly, mentally scolding himself for being so rude in-front of such a cute girl. The serious face the taller male had melted away when a playful, but sheepish grin formed. This look somehow suited the boy much more than his earlier expression. Kageyama felt all the intimidating vibes he was getting from the male wash away as soon as he smiled at him.

"A-ah I get that a lot. I'm 204.2 cm tall (6 feet 7 inches). And apparently still growing." His large hand reached behind his head and rubbed at his neck in a odd bashful manner. Kageyama felt his brow twitch. - **\*\*\_. . . . 204.2 cm . . .\_\*\***

The number just wouldn't stop repeating itself in his head. "I-I see and what year are you in?" The boy and girl before him seemed slightly confused, but yet hopeful. As if they realized something he didn't and where happy about it. "I'm a first year." Once again Kageyama felt his brow twitch. "So am I."

The male before him grinned brightly, and Kageyama was oddly/ annoyingly reminded of Hinata. -\*\*\_Stupid Idiot\_\*\*. The raven head thought bitterly as he nodded, in reply to the boys smile. Normal people would be slightly affronted by his blunt and emotionless manner, but the guy before him seemed unfazed.

"Kiyoshi Jiro." He said sticking out his hand for Kageyama to shake. The navy eyed boy took Jiro's appendage in his own (\*\*\_the uninjured one\_\*\*) and gripped letting Jiro shake their connected hands up and down. When they released, Kageyama took note of the way Jiro's violet orbs drifted toward his right. Kageyama followed the other boys line of vision only to be met with emerald green. His face heated up once again at the reminder of what happened merely minutes ago.

"Don't be shy MiMi-chan introduce yourself!" Jiro said cheerfully putting his arm around the girls shoulders and gently guiding her forward a bit. The girl craned her neck up to look at Kageyama, her soft serious face having a ting of cute curiosity mixed in. "MiMi-chan doesn't talk much. At least not in school! Outside is a different story." Jiro explained, briefly as to why she hadn't talked yet. A very light dusting of pink made it's way onto her cheeks, and her left hand reached out to grip at the side of Jiro's school jacket in protest. "Ro-kun . . ." Her tone was quiet, but at the same time sounded like ringing bells.

"Sorry, sorry!" Jiro said his face coloring as well at the one word '\*\*\_scolding\_\*\*' she gave him. He apologized though- by looking down and giving her a closed eyed smile, as he rubbed at the back of his neck. Her lips twisted up in a semi-smile, but it was her eyes that gave her away and told him it was fine. Kageyama guessed she was the kind of person who wore their emotions in there eye's and seldom on their face. This interested him. He absentmindedly wanted to know why.

"Hirota Akemi, I'm also a first year." The way she suddenly addressed him made, his embarrassing thoughts cause his face to flush yet again. Her hand was out in-front of him much like Jiro had done, except her hand was smaller, and looked very soft. He swallowed the lump that formed in his throat and gripped her hand, this time not paying attention to which he did so with.

The first thing he noticed was how warm she was, Jiro was warm as well, but the warmth from Akemi seemed to bury it's self deep underneath the skin of his palm and made him feel . . . nice. The second thing he noticed was that he was right in assuming her own skin was soft. Somewhere in the back of his mind his thought's whispered to him that they bet this is how nice and soft clouds felt. The third and final thing he ended up noticing was that he has been holding her hand for way to long, as well as the fact that he still hasn't introduced himself.-\*\*\_Great, She probably thinks I'm a freak now\_\*\*. He thought as he snatched his hand away, his already flushed face turning half a shade darker.

"Kageyama Tobio." He said.

"Nice to meet you, Kageyama-kun. Now, why don't we escort you to the nurse to get your wrist checked out. Also, a new more **\*\*\_dry\_\*\*** uniform." Jiro said happily giving the raven head a wolfish grin. Before he could stutter out a **\*\*\_No, that's fine\_\*\*.** or even something along those lines, Jiro already had one large hand securely placed on his upper back right below his left shoulder blade and was pushing him down the hall, all the while talking his ear off. On a regular basis by now, Kageyama would have most likely snapped at the person who was pushing him around, even if it was for his own good, but for some reason with Jiro, and Akemi walking right next to him- he just couldn't do it. So instead he shot a troubled look at Akemi, which ended up backfiring because she only turned away as soon as he looked at her, trying to hide the amused smile she was wearing. Kageyama felt his stomach twist weirdly as he caught a glimpse of her up turned mouth. But, then he snapped back into reality and all he could think was.-**\*\*\_If Daichi doesn't get to me first, Hinata will most likely try to murder me next\_\*\*.**

## 12. Chapter 12

Matsuzaki Eiji stood outside of Karasuno High. His ruby red eyes, ran over the large building before him. The corner of his lips curved up into a smirk. He puffed out a breath of air through his parted lips, making the bangs of his jet black hair that hung in his face fly up briefly.

Two of his closest friends went to that high-school, a public school of their own choice. School was the only thing those two had control over. Everything else was reined over by their parents. Eiji sighed and looked down at his wrist watch. **\*\*\_Aki-chan will be looking for me soon\_\*\*.**

As soon as that thought pasted through his brain, someone jolted out from his peripheral vision and lunged at him yelling. **\*\*STALKBLOCKED\*\*!** Eiji reacted on impulse, though somewhere in the back of his brain he noted that he hears this voice almost everyday. Grabbing onto one of his attackers arms, he pulled and flipped the person over his shoulder. He quickly pulled up on the same arm before who ever it was that surprised him could thump to the concrete to hard. When his eye's focused on the persons features, he was faced with a smiling Izumi Akira.

His crystal blue eye's were shining with amusement, and a large grin was on his face, though every few seconds it would turn into a grimace because Eiji was still holding onto his arm at a very painful angle. **\*\*\_Tsk . .\_\*\*** Eiji clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and released his friends arm letting the boy fall to the ground.

"Akira you bastard . . ." The ruby eyed male growled as he reluctantly stuck out his arm so he could haul the boy up. Akira pouted up at his friend before grinning again and grabbing the other males hand. " **\_I know what your up to!~\_** " Akira sing-songed completely ignoring everything that had just happened.

Eiji raised a brow at him, half in annoyance, half in confusion, and half in amusement. "Well that's pretty impressive because in all

honesty, I don't even know what I'm up to."

Akira's grin faltered slightly. "Wait what?"

Eiji's face twisted into one that resembled Akira's. "I-, . . . I think, . . . I don't- You know what never mind it's fine." Akira seemed to get more confused. "Wait \*\_what\_\*?"

"Forget it Akira!" Eiji yelled out waving his arms around in exasperation. Akira flinched back and narrowed his eye's at his friend. "Grumpy much. "

Eiji sighed and rolled his eye's. "What are you doing here?"

"The real question is what are \*\_you\_\* doing here?"

A silent stare off began between the two of them. "Beat me at my own game." Eiji sighed out. "Damn straight."

"No but, seriously. Enough stupidity what are you doing here?" Eiji asked after sharing a grin with his friend. "I stalked you, while you stalked MiMi- chan and Ro-kun. Hence my exclamation of ' \*\_Stalkblocked!\_\* ' when I lunged at you."

Once again confusion settled onto Eiji's features, but he was used to it. Akira was easily one of his closest friends, his other half. And when ever they were together someone was bound to get confused, or offended. Usually both. Hikari and admirers say it's part of their ' \*\_charm\_\* '. People who don't like them say it's because their jerks. To them both count as complements.

"Ok, then . . . " Eiji said giving his friend a once over. The boy was still in the school uniform like Eiji, so that meant he followed Eiji here from the campus grounds. He didn't know weather to feel flattered or creeped out. In the end he settled for a cross between both.

"So you stalked \*\_me\_\* . . to ' \*\_stalkblock\_\* ' me from \*\_stalking\_\* Akemi and Jiro?" Akira made a strange face, which Eiji instantly realized was his thinking face. ". . . Yes?"

"Wow. "

"Yeah. "

A short silence past. "You are one strange cookie Aki-chan." Akira smiled at his friend. "But, you love me anyway JiJi-chan."

"Anyways, JiJi-chan is there a reason why you came to stalk Ro-kun and Mimi-chan?" Akira asked as he absentmindedly ran his hands over the head phones he had strewn around his neck. Eiji looked away from Akira and at the school building that belonged to his two youngest friends. The ruby eyed male released a long sigh. "I guess I'm just worried about them."

"You are always worried about them." Akira teased, with a small smile. Still staring at the large school Eiji cracked a smirk. "Yeah, I am." Akira moved closer to his friend and placed a hand on his shoulder. "I am to." The blonde boys tone of voice was soft, not

something that usually happened. Eiji felt strangely lighter, and he looked over at his friend with a vulnerable emotion in his eyes.

" I never thought I'd ever say this, but lets go back to school Akira."

"I never thought I'd ever say this either, but yeah sure come on."

### 13. Chapter 13

He sat there watching her again. He's been doing this everyday for the past week? Two? Maybe even three . . . He hasn't been keeping count, but what he does know is that this little crush he's developed only seemed to get stronger the longer he knew she existed. A sigh slipped past his lips and he rested his head lazily in his palm, watching as she combed her nimble fingers through her long velvet hair to get it out of her face.

A minute past and soon a tall, tall, **\*\*\_tall\_\*\***, figure approached the young girl towering over her, his shadow casting across the work she was busy with. Hinata blinked and narrowed his eyes slightly at the boy near her. Kiyoshi Jiro, tall first year, good-looking, nice, well liked by students and teachers even more so than Akamine, and close acquaintances with Akemi. Was Hinata jealous of him?

**\_\*\*Very.\*\*\_** Was he going to do something about it? **\*\*\_Not quite.\*\*\_**

The ginger haired boy deflated lightly. His narrowed eyes seemed defeated. **\*\*\_'What if their dating? What if their not dating, but like each other? What i-' \_\*\*A hand waving in his face snapped him out of his thoughts. When his vision focused in front of him stood one fellow classmate he's been trying his best to avoid. Akamine Nubo, and two of his groupies. Hinata shrunk back in his chair looking up at the boy with a fierce glare, trying not to seem intimidated.**

"What do you want?" Hinata grumbled surprised with himself that his voice didn't stutter. Akamine's eyes seemed colder than usual at the moment and he didn't answer Hinata's question, content with just sending the boy a smirk. "The chair, knock it out. " Akamine said to the bigger boy on his right. Before Hinata could even comprehend what was going on, the library chair he was peacefully sitting on was kicked out from underneath him. He fell to the ground on his back catching himself on his elbows.

Hinata's face grimaced in pain and when he opened his eyes again he sent an angry glare up at his attackers. "What the hell is your problem!" Ok, that's new. Hinata himself knew that he never really cursed, except maybe at Kageyama during one of their fights, but this was different he was really fired up now.

Akamine seemed just as taken aback as the small boy on the ground was with the sudden use of the slightly foul language. But, his surprise quickly melted into a sneer and he motioned for his two groupies to step aside.

Hinata looked around, no one was doing anything, third, second, and other fellow first years were scattered around the room, but all they

did was stare with wide eyes. Akamine bent down to his level to be able to look the ginger in the eyes, and Hinata had the sudden urge to kick him in the face as hard as he could. But, he refrained somewhere in the back of his mind he comprehended that there's still a chance Akemi could be in the library. He didn't want her thinking he was some kind of brute that would sink down to Akamine's level.

\_'\*\*'Even now I still think of her? I must have it bad.' \*\*\_

"You really are starting to piss me off Hinata." Blue and brown clashed as the two boys continued to glare at one another. "I told you to forget about her. She's. Mine."

"I didn't see your name on her." Hinata snapped back, his anger not fading away anytime soon. Akamine didn't seem to like that Hinata had a new found courage to be able to speak out towards him. And when the taller boy grabbed a hold of Hinata's shirt collar and yanked the boy up with him into a standing position, pulling the ginger onto his toes so that Nubo could get in his face whilst still staring down at him. Hinata couldn't say he was much surprised, but he was scared. The anger quickly faded and panic replaced that deep rooted feeling inside of his chest.

Akamine seemed to pick up on the personality change, and chuckled to himself a smirk curving onto his face. "Lookie here seems like the little crow lost his bite." The teasing itself was enough to shoot a burst of anger down Hinata's spine, but his fear still greatly over powered anything else at the moment.

Before anything else could escalate to more, a large shadow cast itself over the two squabbling boys, and instantly both of them froze up. A large hand landed on the back of Nubo's shirt collar and then yanked, forcing the blue eyed boy to let go of Hinata, while releasing a high pitched squeaking sound in surprise as the front of his shirt began to dig into his throat.

Hinata stumbled a bit backwards from the sudden movement, but a soft hand made contact with his last minute and pulled him forward making sure that he didn't fall. That didn't work out well either though, he ended up then stumbling forward, straight into the person who tried to assist him. They didn't fall, but he did slam into the person, grabbing at his saviors hips pulling them both into an awkward hug. And whoever it was did the same grabbing at his shoulders, fingers digging into the fabric of his uniform as they used each-other to try and stay balanced.

He stayed like that for a while hugging a random stranger with his eyes shut tight. After a minute his senses came to and the first thing he thought was. '\_\*\*'Wow this guy has some dainty hips. . . . . Wait a minute . . . guys don't have dainty hips.'\_\*\* Hinata pulled back face dusted with a light pink opening his mouth to apologize, but his breath caught in his throat when he realized just exactly who this was.

Before him wrapped up in his arms stood no other then Hirota Akemi with her red velvet hair, and emerald green orbs that sparkled like stars, looking into his plain hazel gaze with big concerned eyes. His face turned a dark shade of red and his open mouth shut closed into a thin line not being able to say anything because he was actually touching her, holding her, she noticed him. It was to much to believe, that for a moment he forgot what had been happening before

this.

Her small hands lightly un-gripped the fabric of his uniform and slid down his arms towards his hands, which were still on her hips, taking them in her own tiny warm appendages. She squeezed his fingers, bringing them up slightly. "Are you alright, Hinata-kun?"

Hinata nodded face turning an even brighter red than before, he was pretty sure that his ears were steaming as well. He couldn't say anything his brain too preoccupied with several thoughts at once, that went a little like. \_\*\*'God her hands feel nice.-She talked!She talked!And oh my her voice is beautiful!- SHE KNOWS MY NAME! AND SHE CALLED ME HINATA-\*\*\_\_\*\*KUN\*\*\_\_\*\*!' \*\*\_Except all of them were going on at once so not even he could understand what was going on upstairs inside his brain.

One of Akemi's hands let go of his, but her right hand stayed attached to his left as she turned toward the way Hinata was facing, stepping up closer towards him their arms brushing against each other. Hinata's gaze followed her sudden cold and serious eyes, and when they landed on what was before him, everything came rushing back.

His thought quieted down and the only thing running through his brain at the moment was a sheepish. \_\*\*\_'Oh yeah . . . .'\_\*\*

It was still funny though, he felt a bit embarrassed himself for forgetting what had been going on, but that was probably nothing compared to what Akamine was feeling at the moment. Hinata almost felt pity for the boy. \_\*\*\_Almost.\_\*\*

Jiro, Akemi's tall white haired companion stood a bit ways in front of them, his violet eyes held irritation, and his normally serious face seemed clenched tight in anger. In one hand he was holding Nubo, from the back of his school uniform, hovering the boy above the floor so only the tips of his toes were brushing the ground, much like he had been holding onto Hinata merely minutes ago.

"Doesn't feel fun now does it." Jiro taunted his deep voice sending a shiver down Hinata's spine. Akamine's face was twisted into one of fear and he looked around towards his groupies for assistance but, those two were long gone. "You." Akemi started out, her gentle quiet voice, coming out strong and well defined.

Hinata would never expect such a sweet girl to be able to possess such a harsh tone.

\_\*\*"You."\*\*\_ Akemi spat out like it was the dirtiest thing she could come up with. The venom in her voice made Hinata's eyes widen in surprise. Her grip on his hand tightened and he absentmindedly squeezed back hoping to calm her.

"You make me sick. What is your \_\*\*problem\*\*\_?!" Hinata watched as Akamine flinched. "Did you ever think that maybe I prefer people like Hinata? People who admire me from afar instead of coming up and shooting over used pick-up lines at me like \_\*\*\_'Is your father a thief?Because I'm pretty sure he stole the stars and put them in your eyes.'\_\*\* . Did you honestly ever once \_\*\*\_think \_\*\*that, maybe that annoys me?" Akamine was quiet an embarrassed look coming up onto his face as his cheeks turned pink. Everyone around began to whisper



amongst themselves watching as the scene played out. Hinata felt his own face heat up slightly. \*\*\_'So she noticed me staring at god how embarrassing.'\_\*\*

"Of course you didn't because you just don't think at all! You just act, like some kind of mentally under developed cave man!" Akamine flinched again and right at that moment was when Jiro let go of the boy, watching as he stumbled onto his feet.

"Get it through your head Akamine Nubo, I am a person, not a material item. You do not own me and you never will. I am not \*\*\_yours\_\*\*." And with that said Akemi marched out of the library dragging a red faced Hinata with her, and Jiro who trailed after them from behind.

Once they were out in the hall Akemi let go of Hinata's hand and turned to face him, her own face dusted with a light pink. "I'm sorry you had to see that Hinata-kun."

Hinata shook his head and couldn't help a large smile from growing on his face. "NO! I-I mean don't be sorry that was awesome, everyone else would have probably stood around and watched me get hurt, until a teacher would have been called in to break up the fight. Thank you so much, both of you." Hinata said bowing lowly at his two fellow classmates.

When Hinata stood up straight Jiro started to roar with laughter. At first Hinata flinched it was loud, but soon Hinata found himself laughing along with him, and out of the corner of his squinted eyes he saw Akemi was giggling to, hand placed over her mouth to muffle the sound.

Once the laughter died down Jiro apologized. "I'm sorry that-that wasn't funny I just . . . I don't know." He released another chuckle and Hinata grinned at him, the dislike he was feeling for the boy faded quickly and was replaced by admiration and a bit of guilt for not liking such a likable guy just because he was jealous.

"Don't worry I get it. It made me feel better about what just happened so thanks, again." Hinata said giving his new friend a close eyed smile, whilst rubbing at the back of his neck.

"Well. . ." A small quiet voice rang out, catching his the two boys attention. Hinata looked over the the red-headed girl and instantly felt like he was on fire. She was looking at him with a smile, a small smile but nonetheless a smile. "Free period is almost over, but would you like to spend lunch with us today? You can invite your friends as well if you'd like."

"MiMi-chan that's a wonderful idea!" Jiro exclaimed wrapping a long arm around her small shoulders. The white hair boy was looking down at her with a grin, and Akemi looked back up at him her small smile still in place, before they both looked back over at Hinata.

A small pang of jealousy coursed through him again, but Hinata ignored it deciding it was better to focus on the overwhelming joy he was feeling at the moment.

"Yeah! Yes, I mean that'd be awesome!"

## 14. Chapter 14

Kageyama's brow twitched as he continued to glare in the direction of the clock. A dark aura surrounded him as he stood stick straight to his full height staring off at the clock on the side of the wall.

Fellow students who were eating their lunches around him, or who just so happened to be walking past shook and quivered, trying to keep as much distance between them and the frightening raven haired male as was humanly possible.

`_** Where is that idiot? **_`Kageyama thought to himself as his scowl grew, once he saw the hand on the clock move once more.

Hinata was now late to their usual lunch spot by a whole 10 minutes- this is unlike him. He's usually the first one at Kageyama's classroom door hovering around like some kind of hyperactive cat. But, today he wasn't there so Kageyama decided to wait a few minutes, when Hinata didn't show up outside of Kageyama's classroom, he thought that maybe Hinata was already at their usual spot. He was wrong, the ginger haired boy was not there, and is still not here. Which is making Kageyama very irritated.

`_** He's the one who suggested we eat lunch together in the first place.**_` Kageyama thought grumpily to himself as his glare on the clock intensified, almost as if he was daring the plastic device to move it's hands.

"Kageyama-kun!" A familiar voice yelled out to him right before he felt something or someone ram into him from behind. The person had a surprisingly strong grip on his waist, add that to being grabbed in surprise. He was spun around at least once his head going into a painful spiral as did his eyes which rolled around in their sockets. Once he was steadied he could see who grabbed him with such force.

There stood Nishinoya, grinning at him from ear to ear with his hands on his hips. "Ne, Kageyama, why are you standing here by yourself staring at a clock?"

Kageyama blinked at him, his head still in a spinning frenzy though he was only tugged around one time. "Noya-senpai?" Kageyama asked to make sure he wasn't seeing things. Noya smiled at him and laughed. "Yeah! It's me your senpai! You alright? I didn't spin you around to much did I? I didn't mean to hurt you if I did, I just wanted to know why you were staring at that clock."

Kageyama frowned at his upperclassman's words instantly reminded about his earlier actions. Noya blinked at him and rubbed at the back of his neck before speaking up again. " I'm guessing somethings wrong then?"

"No. Nothing's wrong." Kageyama said as he turned his back on Noya and looked at the clock. Another 2 minutes had gone by. That's means 12 minutes and Hinata is still not here. Kageyama felt his brow twitch.

"Don't be so grumpy about it. I can see that somethings wrong. Why

else would you be staring at the clock like it did something to you?" Noya spoke up from behind him.

Kageyama violently huffed out a breath and turned to face his senpai the sour look he had earlier now on his face once again. "That idiot Hinata and I usually eat lunch together, he always shows up outside of my classroom. But, today he wasn't there so I came here, which is where we usual eat, and he wasn't here either so I waited and now-" Kageyama paused his rant to check the clock again only to see another minute go by much to his distaste. "He's 13 minutes late. He's never been 13 minutes late."

Noya listened to Kageyama explain angrily the incident which seemed to be the cause of his anger. "Well." Noya started. "Let's go look for him!" He finished with a grin. "I'm now curious where the kid went off to." His upperclassmen said as he turned on his heel and began walking in a random direction. Kageyama stared after him not sure of what to do, when Nishinoya paused and looked back at him to yell. "Come on Kageyama!" Before continuing to walk. Kageyama decided it was better than waiting around for who knows how much longer for the dumb ass to show up. So he followed after his teammate.

\* \* \*

><p>Hinata was having a great time. Jiro, and Akemi were amazing people to spend his lunch period with. Jiro was funny, and talkative, enough to fill in any silence that might pass, not that any did, with both Hinata and him around, but it's the thought that counts. The white haired boy was so so nice, Hinata really did feel guilty that he thought such ill thoughts of him just because he's good friends with Akemi.<p>

\*\*\_ Oh, . . . Akemi. \_\*\*

She was quiet, but defiantly not \_\*\*mute\*\*\_. Not like Akamine said she was. She talked more then he expected her to, but still much less than other girls would. But, that didn't matter, every time she flashed a small smile in his direction, his heart felt like she was telling him everything she needed to say.

And \*\*\_oh my\_\*\*, when Jiro managed to make her laugh. She would hide her grin behind her hand, and the corners of her eye's would crinkle, and small giggles that sounded like tinkling bells in his ears would pour out. Hinata swore he was drooling.

Everything was going perfect, until he was reminded that he was \_\*\*like usual\*\*\_ supposed to have lunch with Kageyama, and forgot to tell him/ even maybe invite- that he was having lunch with someone else.

How was he reminded?

Simple. By Nishinoya running up to him yelling his name and tackling him off the bench he was sitting on, with Kageyama trailing behind him an angry scowl on his face.

Crushes really are troublesome. They make you forget things.

"There you are!" Noya exclaimed happily from his perch on Hinata's stomach. Hinata flushed a deep shade of red when he caught the

glances Akemi and Jiro were throwing his way. "Can you get off of me now Noya-senpai?" Hinata asked his voice a bit squeaky with embarrassment. Noya blinked but complied jumping off the ginger and helping him to stand up.

"We were looking for you everywhere! Isn't that right Kageyama?" Noya said as helped Hinata rub the dirt of the shoulder of his uniform. Kageyama merely grunted still staring at Hinata in an angered way. Hinata felt guilt pool into his stomach, he didn't mean to forget, it just slipped his mind.

"H-Hey K-Kageyama-kun!" Hinata tried to greet his friend with a raised hand a shaky smile, that almost instantly fell off his face when the raven haired boy glared at him. Hinata squeaked and grabbed at Noya for support.

"I'm sorry! Don't kill me!" Kageyama opened his mouth to yell, but recoiled when he heard someone clear their throat. They all turned to face Akemi and Jiro, Hinata flushed once again and avoided eye contact with them, realizing how ridiculous and strange the situation must be before them. While Noya and Kageyama froze not expecting to see two people sitting there.

Kageyama knew who they were, and he felt his face heat up with the reminder, he still had a wrap around his wrist from when he fell on top of the red-head in the halls. What was her name again Hirota Akemi? Yeah. That was it. And the male beside her is Kiyoshi Jiro.

Noya froze because . . . well who really knows why Noya froze. Kageyama spared his upperclassmen a glance, and tried to pinpoint exactly where his gaze was directed. But, Noya's eye's kept snapping back and forth from Jiro to Akemi so fast that Kageyama could barely keep up.

" Hello. It's good to see you again Kageyama-kun. Is your wrist better?" Jiro asked as he stood up from the bench and stretched to his full height. It took Kageyama a while, but when his brain finally registered that Jiro was talking to him, he parted his lips and spoke back.

"Yeah.Y-you t-to." He managed to spit out. "Oh, and uh, It's better but, it still hurts so I wrap it." Kageyama said holding up his injured hand for the taller male to see. Jiro nodded sympathetically in his direction, before giving him a smile.

"Well, sorry boy's, but MiMi-chan and I have got to get going. Classrooms to be, teachers to see. Oh, hope you don't mind we stole Hinata from you today, MiMi- chan invited him to have lunch with us, and I thought that would be a brilliant idea." The white haired boy said as he smiled over at his small friend.

Akemi smiled up at him, before directing her gaze at Kageyama. The raven felt his cheeks heat lightly when she smiled at him in greeting, before looking over at Hinata. "It was nice spending lunch with you Hinata-kun." Hinata jolted at her words and he couldn't stop the grin the formed on his face from her words.

"It was nice spending lunch with you too Hirota-chan, and you to Kiyoshi-kun!"

The two of them smiled to all three of them, saying goodbye, even to Noya who still stood there froze staring after them, before walking way into the school.

A silence passed over the three teammates as they stood there watching were the retreating figures of Akemi and Jiro once walked. "Kageyama! You never told me you know Hirota-chan, and Kiyoshi-kun. How'd you meet them?" Hinata asked breaking the silence as he bounced over to his raven haired friend eager to know, how he met his crush, and his crushes best friend.

Kageyama flushed at the question. "That's not your business." Hinata frowned and whined at him, annoying Kageyama until the raven lashed out at him yelling, about how annoying he was, and about how next time he should warn him when he's invited to eat lunch with other people. Which thus prompted Hinata to jump back and lift his fist's into a defensive position like he usually does, asking Kageyama \_\*\*'You wanna fight?'\*\*\_. And that made Kageyama even more irritated so he took a step toward Hinata, a red and angry tick mark forming in the corner of his forehead.

Meanwhile Nishinoya was still standing there froze within his own thoughts until finally, \_\*\*finally\*\*\_ he turned towards his bickering Kouhai.

"You two have no clue who they are, do you?"

Kageyama stopped dead in his tracks with his hand on top of Hinata's head, while Hinata turned toward his senpai confused.

"Of course we know who they are Noya-senpai. That was Kiyoshi Jiro and Hirota Akemi, their both first years. Hirota-chan is in my class, while Kiyoshi-kun is in a different room." Hinata said. Noya let out a laugh and ran a hand over his face before looking at them.

"Your both clueless." Kageyama and Hinata looked at each other confused at their senpai's words. "We will discuss this more at practice." Noya declared as he placed his hands on his hips with a determined look on his face.

"But, for now we should get to class before were late." At his words, the lunch bell rang signaling the end to every ones lunch hour. Hinata and Kageyama gave each other a confused look again before running into the school like Noya was doing.

End  
file.